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Campus Comment, April 1929

Bridgewater State Normal School

Volume 2

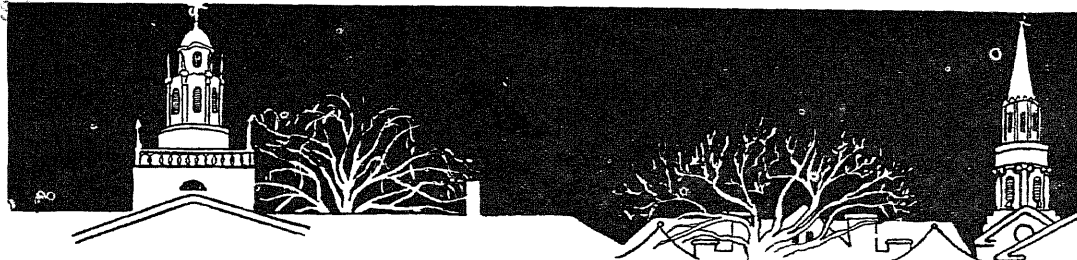
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CAMPUS COMMENT

VOL. II

PUBLISHED BY BRIDGEWATER NORMAL SCHOOL
APRIL, 1929

NO. 8

ALUMNI WEEK-END

Few, if any students realize how important alumni weekend is to the graduates. It not only gives them the occasion to renew their ties with the school, and former classmates, but shows them that Bridgewater is standing ready to aid them professionally.

The program opened with the Glee Club concert given on Friday evening, April 5. This presented an opportunity for those who appreciate the highest arts to spend an enjoyable evening. The addition of soloists from the Boston Symphony Orchestra to the no mean talent possessed by the carefully trained Glee Club that the school may well be proud of, raised this evening to one of highest musical quality.

On Saturday a conference was held for graduates who wished help in solving problems. Sectional grade meetings were held by experts in each line of work, comprising lectures, demonstrations of principles, and discussions of problems. To a young teacher meeting practical schoolroom situation, this type of conference was particularly worthwhile. Bridgewater is a progressive school, not only interested in graduating students, but in helping them as they begin their career and showing them a practical way of meeting their difficulties.

For those who remained after luncheon an informal tea was held. In the evening the Student Government Association held an informal dance which was attended by an enthusiastic group of young people. Thus the weekend came to a close with just the right proportion of work, culture, and leisure well-spent.

Ruth Mitchell.

COMING EVENTS

- April 24 Woodward Open House.
- April 26 Library Club Social
- May 3 Dramatic Club Annual Shakespearean Play—"As You Like It."
- May 10 Not decided.

NEWS

DELEGATES SPEAK AT WEYMOUTH

Bridgewater will always cut new circles of interest. On March 27 the third quarterly conference of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications was held at the Weymouth High School. The program included a report from our delegates, Helen Fox and Elizabeth Mullock, to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention at New York. Both of their brief talks were concerned chiefly with technical points in the general make-up, appearance, type, and news of the school paper. The other speakers were Mr. Leonard Ware, Jr. of the Boston Herald, and Mr. Harlan R. Ratcliffe of the Boston Transcript, both of whom told of newspaper life in the light of their own experiences.

CHAPEL DATES

- April 23 Dramatics.
- April 30 Library Club.
- May 2 Mr. Sinnott.
- May 7 W. A. A.
- May 9 Miss Nye.
- May 14 Pro and Con.
- May 16 Miss Beal.

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the following exchanges:

"THE PEN-DRAGON", Oneonta Normal School, Oneonta New York.

"THE ANCHOR", Rhode Island College of Education, Providence, Rhode Island.

"THE AXIS", North Adams Normal School, North Adams, Massachusetts.

"THE NORMAL RECORD", State Normal School, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

"THE NORM FLYER", Philadelphia Normal School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"THE COMMENTATOR", Maxwell Training School For Teachers, Brooklyn, New York.

NEWS

NEW OFFICERS GO TO NEW YORK

Thursday night, April 18, Helen Healy and Ruth Schenck, newly elected president and secretary of next year's Student Government Association, and our delegates to the Student Conference, left for New York City.

Their week-end was a very busy one. Friday night they attended a banquet at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Saturday morning at one of the meetings Helen gave a short speech on "Conferences for Graduate Teachers." These conferences at Bridgewater for the benefit of our alumni are rather unique in the educational world, and we like to tell others about the new things which we are doing.

The conference at New York was sponsored by Dr. Suhrie of New York University.

Our delegates returned Monday morning, April 22.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S CREED

EDWIN OSGOOD GROVER

"I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life, and in out-of-doors. I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a reward for all we are and all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities; in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living. Amen."

From our Exchange.

FOURTH OF A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS MISS VINING

One of the most important, most neglected, and least appreciated phases of our education at Bridgewater is the library. This is a resume of an interview with Miss Cora Vining, our Assistant Librarian, and graduate of this school in 1928.

The most pleasing part of Miss Vining's position is, she asserts, her opportunity to know other members of the faculty more intimately, and to meet, at some time, almost every student in the school. There is also the personal contact with the apprentice librarians.

But there are, of course, certain difficulties, chief among them being the necessity for mind reading. Such a statement did not sound plausible until I was assured that frequently a cross examination is necessary in order to know what the student requires. A frequent question is, "What does this teacher want me to do?" Most foolish questions actually come from the older students rather than the freshmen, but Miss Vining gave two or three illustrations of incidents which happened to concern the latter. Some have been known to sign merely their first name, apparently reverting to high school days. At the first of the year Miss Vining was accosted with this query, "Are you in the library all the time? Don't you ever go to school?" However, I considered the following most enlightening: At the first part of the year it is not uncommon for freshmen to take out, and apparently read diligently and with enjoyment some of those antiquated, dusty volumes on education and methods which are found in the library. They seem to disdain the more modern, valuable, and interesting texts. Both freshmen and upper classmen often request Miss Vining to interpret a paragraph or two which they are unable to comprehend.

According to Miss Vining the most popular sections of the library are the Browsing Corner and display cabinet. Many have learned to stop a moment and gain a little more beauty or knowledge at the latter.

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CAMPUS COMMENT BOARD

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Editorials

JUST IN APPRECIATION

There are a great many of us who do not seem to appreciate the people with whom we are in daily contact. In our homes our mothers and fathers become mere automatons. We do not realize, nor fully appreciate how they sacrifice and feel for us.

The same thing applies to our faculty here at school. In our cynical moments we upbraid their old foggyish ideas and standards, and in our facetious moments we make fun of them, but after all haven't they really done more for us than we see on the surface?

They have held us up to the highest sort of ideals. They have labored hard to make us into the best possible teachers for the younger generation.

Few of the students appreciate the time spent by the faculty in preparing, planning, and guiding outside activities. These things are accepted as a matter of course, and only on rare occasions is credit given to those who are most responsible for our good times.

The faculty helped plan our building, and now they are continually working to make it beautiful, and instill in us a love for the artistic. Flowers, vases, wall hangings, and pictures have appeared by magic this year, and they lend an atmosphere which few schools have. This practically all due to faculty supervision and faculty planning.

Think it over. Do we appreciate those who are doing the most for us?

We have had our fun, now let's get down to business. All this year

CAMPUS COMMENT Board has
 (Continued on page 4)

Alumni Notes

Quite a number of recent graduates returned this past week-end for the Alumni Conference held Saturday morning. After the luncheon the girls visited friends in the dormitories. In the afternoon tea was served in Normal Reception Room. A few of the Alumni attended the dance given by the Student Government Association in the Albert Gardner Boyden Gymnasium.

Among those who returned were Helen Andrews, Helen Brown, Frances Emmons, Alice Birkett, "Al" Murphy, Lyla Nims, "Billy" Gomley, Clara Almstead, Arlene Wardwell, "Freddie" Ritchie, Marion Morse, Eunice Morse, Thelma Peterson, Mary Byrne, Olive Orral, Jane Hicks, Alice Crossley, Dorothy Crossman, Etta Allen, Bessie Connolly, Mary Bair, Mabel Pratt, Helena Stanley, and Katherine Lynch, all of the class of '28. Others were Doris Leavitt '26, Ruth Swift '27, Margaret Connerton '27, and Bob Kiley '27.

During the week Mary Wood '26, Miriam Sherwood '25, Amy Lawson '25, and Isabel Marshall '25, visited the school.

SHAKESPEARE CALLS ON B. N. S.

Well, sir, "Just what do you think of our town?" I asked Bill as we walked up to school from the train. I know it isn't an at all original way to begin an interview, but what could I have said, being faced with the doubly amazing situation of interviewing none other than William (Bill) Shakespeare and entertaining him until his appearance in Chapel?

With a slight apologetic smile he replied "I'm not at all sure, old top, and I feel a bit stiff on adjectives and what not of that type. You see three hundred and sixty-five years is an awfully long time to be out of the swim, as you say it over here. I'm sure though I am in a most unusual town for I've never seen such jolly looking girls carrying such uninteresting looking books. Do they actually use the things?"

"Yes, and more like them—they are Normals, but really not a bad sort at that. Have you any new plays in mind, Mr. Shakespeare?"

"Well, now, I'm really quite keen on this modern female type, you know, and I'm rather tempted to rewrite that Juliet thing of mine. Just think now—Juliet in an airplane flies over to the Capulet oil wells and announces her intention to marry that young Montague fellow, then what a riot of dashing adventure those two could have! By George!—I could even change that death scene into a neat submarine disaster, but I must be boring you."

(Continued on page 4)

CROAKINGS FROM



IN CAMPUS POND

I'm all bothered—just when I begin to enjoy these warm spring days, a troop of would-be Babe Ruths and Lou Gehrigs arrive in the vicinity of my pond and proceed to whoop and yell so that I can't stay in any one place and be safe.

I hear that the B1 Dramatic class takes "The Arabian Nights" seriously and even appeared in class with pajamas on. I understand that there was much color, local and otherwise.

The men of the big school across from my pond have said, declared, and vowed that they are NOT interested in window boxes—which seems to have been the only concrete problem they set forth. However, we boys must stick together, and I hope those women will begin to realize that though the dear men are willing to let the girls rule their lives when there's moonlight on the pond, they prefer to do it in the daytime.

Joe Waterbug tells me that although Ringling's Circus is thrilling Boston, in a few weeks we are going to have one here that will make me sit up on my tip-toes on my lily-pad. I do hope they put the tents down near me so that I can see the fun. I have heard a great deal about the strange animals that are going to be on the campus that night, especially the monkey. I'm certainly goin' to be watchin' for Campus Carnival, aren't you?

I have heard there is another Eric Robot, and he is right here in Normal too. He is that "Master-Mind", Nazarian, so-called because he multiplies so fast.

Sally Polywog heard a rumor that the English Composition class was getting radical. The instructor is quoted as saying, "I'd be a blank if I studied art." The possibilities of filling in that blank with suitable words is great. Submit suggestions now.

POETRY

WHEN DAY IS DONE

When day is done and night is nigh,
 The sun retreats—and o'er the sky,
 God's artist nobly shows his skill.
 A painting that fine thots instill
 In all who see and pass it by.
 And so to bed—to rise again,
 To work and labor—not in vain,
 To sacrifice—to do his will,
 When day is done.
 Each day the same unending lane
 We trudge—And always we refrain
 From questioning our Maker's will,
 A' journeying we go on till
 The end is reached and death remains,
 When day is done.

E. Radzuk.

NEW BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY

Gift of the Library Club:

Most of the following books were obtained through the club's membership in the Literary Guild and Book-of-the-Month Club. The statement of this fact is sufficient recognition of their value. The books have been added to the Cora A. Newton Collection in the Browsing Corner, so that the entire school may take advantage of this gift.

"Jean-Christophe"

by Romain Rolland

"Black Majesty"

by Vandercook

"Old Pybus"

by Deeping

"Sixty-four Ninety-four"

by Mottram

"Trader Horn"

by Lewis

"Bridge of San Luis Rey"

by Wilder

"Vanguard"

by Bennett

"Napoleon"

by Ludwig

"Jean-Christophe", by Romain Rolland.

Jean-Christophe lived a long and varied life during which he won fame and recognition as a musician, only to lose his prestige, regain it, and again lose it. The book was first written in French, but the translation is now available. More enjoyable than the narrative is the beautiful, musical prose in which it is written. The author uses throughout the book the simile of the river, the great Rhine. Something of its liquid, majestic flow is contained in the mood and form of the book. Although its reading is a long, slow process, it is a most satisfying and inspiring novel.

"Life of Thomas Hardy by Florence Emily Hardy. 2 Volumes. Macmillan, 1928.

"Thomas Hardy's life was outwardly quiet but his years were packed full of creative activity, first as an architect, then as poet, then novelist, and then—after "Jude the Obscure"—returning to poetry and considering it his greatest gift. His widow, Florence Emily Hardy, has been for some time gathering the material for this biography, and in it will be found not only the events of Mr. Hardy's long life but many of his own opinions and observations on men and things. All the facts related in the book were obtained from his own words and diaries and most of the material was actually read and revised by him from time to time, during the writing."

"Winter Words in Various Moods and Meters" by Thomas Hardy. Macmillan, 1928

This posthumous volume contains many hitherto unpublished poems and many which are not included in Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy that is already in the library. The interesting fact about these later poems is that they contradict the usual criticism: "Hardy's prose is poetry; his poetry, prose."

C. M. Vining, Librarian.



CUSPIDOR, THERMIDOR AND HUMIDOR

"Gimme that! Cut it out you two! Let it alone! Now you just remember Jesus, and do as I say!"

Thermidor and Humidor, at this injunction, hastily dropped the bicycle they had been vainly trying to ride, and with an air of great apprehension, retreated slowly to the porch and simultaneously lowered themselves onto the bottom step. For Cuspidor took his religion very seriously, in fact so seriously that he made his brothers, Thermidor (known to his mother as Thomas Page Clarke) and Humidor (alias Harold Alden Clarke) slightly uncomfortable when he began to expound in a religious vein.

The sole trouble with Cuspidor was that he had once attended an evangelistic meeting and had since that time, been striving zealously to convert everyone he met. One night, the harassed mother of the three having guests awaiting her, had tucked them into bed and said, "Now I don't want you to come downstairs on any account. Say your prayers and go right to sleep". She was startled a few minutes later by Cuspidor, who flung himself into her arms, crying, "Mamma, I said my prayers to Jesus, and he told me to come right down and say them to you."

Thomas and Harold lay suffering in bed. They could think of no device whereby they might get a look at the company. Soon Charles came triumphantly to bed, reporting that the company had called him a dear boy, and had given him ten cents.

Sitting on the lower step, Hume and Therm reflected bitterly that things always happened that way. Just because he was ten years old Cus thought he could get away with everything. In the matter of names for instance; both Thomas and Harold had great yearnings to be called Cus. It sounded so manly and dangerous. But it was Charles who had discovered the word and he just naturally seemed to fit into it. Mr. Clarke had managed to keep some peace in the family by digging up the other two "dors", which he claimed were as bad, if not worse than Cuspidor.

As Cus wobbled out of sight on his reclaimed bicycle, Therm and Hume reflected on the best way to spend the next half hour which came before their bed-time. They brightened up

considerably on seeing George Martin, their sister Sally's boy friend, come striding down the street. George was usually good company, and he often showed the boys intricate ways of pitching curved balls, but tonight he seemed very nervous and only gave the boys a preoccupied nod as he went into the house.

Soon Cus appeared, and in the very short seconds in which he dared to let go of the handle bars he frantically waved a piece of paper. He fell off at a carefully planned moment and immediately the three boys went into what they termed a "huddle", from which they emerged with new life.

Hume crept upstairs, and when he appeared again he was arrayed in one of Sally's frilly blouses which just about reached his knees. On his head was a beautiful boudoir cap that Sally used to keep her wave in.

When everything was ready, Cus entered the living room where Sally and George were holding a serious conversation, and announced, "Sally and George, we have prepared for you this evening a short one-act play which we hope will be of interest to you."

"Oh, all right," said Sally resignedly, for she was often the forced audience at plays originated by Cus, usually of the type of "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

"The cast of the characters are as follows: Sally Clarke, played by Mr. Hume Clarke; George Martin, played by Mr. Therm Clarke; Mr. Charles Clarke, Senior, played by Mr. Charles Clarke, Junior."

Sally and George looked at each other apprehensively. Apparently this was to be a new type of play. Just then Hume entered the room with mincing steps which went oddly with his copper-toed brogans. He chirped sweetly to no one in particular, "Oh, dear, do you suppose George will ever propose? I was sure he was going to

last night. I really can't stand it any longer."

Sally started up with a shriek, but George pulled her down again. "Shh", he said, "this is a nice play."

Therm now entered with an old candy box, long empty, and a bunch of dandelions which he had hastily culled from the lawn. Hume advanced and said in a syrupy tone, "Oh how sweet of you, George. Are these for me?"

A hoarse voice from the hall whispered, "Close up now." On this advice Hume deposited a kiss upon Therm's mud-spattered brow. Therm, with a sudden burst of eloquence, grabbed Hume around the neck, as if reciting, began, "Dearest Sally, all my life I have been searching for an ideal woman, one whom I could love and—"

George was seized with a sudden attack of coughing, and seemed about to strangle, so red did he get in the face. For the words had a familiar ring, and as he frantically searched his pockets, he knew why.

At this point, Cus, who had been patiently awaiting his turn, strode in with the thunderous bellow of, "Hasn't that young fool gone home yet? I never did think he was very bright. What does he think this is anyway, a boarding house?"

Sally could stand no more. She seized Cus by the collar, but as she dragged him from the room, he delivered his final blow by saying, "What's the matter? That's just what Pa always says and you know it."

For the next ten minutes Cus' religion did him no good, as was testified by the shrieks which rent the air.

George said cautiously to Therm and Hume who were listening delightedly to Cus' wails, "Did Sally really say that about my proposing? All right, here's a quarter. Now give me that paper and clear out of here."

Lucile Benson.

CLUB NOTES

THE LIBRARY CLUB

Two items on the social calendar of the Library Club have taken place this past month. The faculty of the Normal School and the faculty of the Training School were entertained by the Club. April 26 an entertainment by the students of the Emerson College of Oratory is to be given in place of the annual Social.

At our first April meeting we held a reception for the faculties of the Normal and Training Schools. Several of the girls of class C presented the play "Grandma Pulls the Strings", which was coached by Grace Buckland. The Library appeared at its best with the workaday tables cleared away and easy furniture and plants brought in to add a festive appearance. The club feels that this innovation was successful.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has two more important events on its calendar for this year, namely: Baccalaureate and Commencement. It will be our pleasure to furnish the music on these occasions, as in the past.

We are admitting new members to our club in preparation for two concerts which we are planning to give next year. Interesting announcements concerning programs and guest artists will be made later.

GIRL SCOUTS

Now that spring has come the Girl Scouts have turned to outside activities. During the past few weeks they have been map-making. Plans are also being made for a week-end party at East Marion.

MISS VINING

(Continued from page 1)

Although Miss Vining has noticed a broadening growth in the attitude of Bridgewater students since they entered, there is still much that could be improved. The library in the old school building was only one room, and library classes were held at the same time that other students read. Now we have a beautiful background providing the quiet, artistic environment for all that a library should mean. But "few students here seem to like books, either for their cultural value, or for their content; they do not enjoy the library; they use it merely as a study hall. They expect

(Continued on page 4)

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SPORTS

TENIKOIT

"If you wish to become popular on board boat learn to play tenikoit before you go to Europe," was the sagacious advice offered to us. In adhering to our policy of providing games that may be played in the future we added tenikoit to our spring program, and had permanent courts laid out on the campus. An exhibition match was planned and Class A challenged the B's. Two sets were played; the B's being successful in capturing both sets. The first set was comparatively easy work for the B's, but the A's had regained their form and were successful in winning four out of six games in the second set. We trust this fascinating sport will become popular and gain a permanent place on the spring program.

The new Women's Athletic Association officers will be introduced at the weinie roast that is to follow the next monthly meeting. The roast is to be held at the sandpit, and plans are under way for a good time. It is hoped that many will take advantage of this opportunity.

The aim of Gwen Cleverly, head of baseball, is for a bigger and better season. Sign up sheets have been posted and actual practices seem to be good indications that the season is to be a most successful one. The season will terminate with a game between the two all star teams and this game ought to attract many. Coaches are giving their teams strenuous workouts, but all this makes toward better teamwork. The batting average of individuals will be posted frequently so that all may see and know who is batting 500 or over.

MISS VINNING

(Continued from page 3)

to talk, and to be upbraided for talking. The library is a place to study, with all the help that books can give, and a place where students can do research work in a small way. People need a library for its cultural atmosphere."

Although everyone in a group cannot acquire a feeling for a need of refinement and literary experience that books can give, surely every Bridgewater student can acquire the right attitude of quiet consideration for others until they too, will realize the value of our library.

Elizabeth Mullock.

TOASTED
SANDWICHES

at

DUDLEY'S

SHAKESPEARE

CALLS ON B. N. S.

(Continued from page 2)

"No indeed, sir, I'm sure it would be interesting but wouldn't that send those old admirers and critics of yours a bit up in the air?"

"I don't doubt it, but you see, it's really not half so radical as it sounds. It is just that the time and the place and the costume would change, but, dash it! people don't and it is the same thing in 1929 as it was in 1564. But I say, just what does this audience here think of me, be a good fellow now, and give me the word."

"O, I'm sure you're a big favorite, sir, and they're right anxious to see you."

"But don't I seem a bit archaic and old foggyish? You know I'm really not so old looking now, do you think?"

"No sir, and your works seem awfully up to date—especially some of your philosophy, gosh, how did you do it?"

"Well, you see it was like this. I guess I was a bit different from the crowd I travelled with, so I rather enjoyed sitting back and analyzing this old sphere and its residents. Neat bit of work to begin with, but one really does not mind if one likes it. O, I guess you just can't explain such things—it is a gift."

And then I knew Bill was just a regular fellow like the rest of us, and I guess I liked him a hundred percent more for admitting it. I started to tell him so, but the bell rang, and he began looking over his speech, so I dashed down to get ready for chapel.

Money was said to have been first invented when the dove brought the greenback to Noah.

SOLILOQUY OF
THE STAIRWAY IN
THE GYMNASIUM

Oh, dear! I'm getting old and ancient! I'm actually getting worn out after my long years of hard work. The students run up and down me many times a day, never thinking of the pain they cause me. Many times my arms have ached from pupils sliding down them! Ungraceful—ungracious!

Dear, dear, such changes! Everything so different from what it was twenty years ago! Would a young lady run down me hollering, "Showers?" No, indeed! How unlike this generation is from its ancestors: sedate and womanly then, now undignified and boyish! Everything has changed—clothes, manners, actions, and lastly, speech, which is merely an apology for speech, being two-thirds slang!

The students are ignorant of how much I hear as they linger on the stairs discussing the class they have just left or the one they are going to. "He WOULD give an assignment after the last bell had rung!" "Will we have basketball or apparatus?" "My knees are slowly giving out under that 'leap frog dance'." Then as the class rushes down, "She WOULD give us showers the last minute—and a psychie test next period!"

I am introduced to the students as they appear in "angel robes." Other times students go down me in school clothes and come up in what I call their "bloomer costume." Sometimes they go down me in high-heeled slippers, fur coats and sparkling earrings, and come up in dazzling bright dresses. They linger on the top step to put on the finishing touches, and powder drifts down onto my back!

What's this? Mr. Moore rushing down my back? Smoke? Ah, ha! Some young fellow has not yet heard of the smoking rule! But the smoke drifts away, and no more is smelled that evening!

Again footsteps go down me—not rushing as before. Why? Because the dance is over, the feet are now tired, sore, crushed! No gay laughter as before either: "Oh, to get these shoes off!" "He stepped on my feet so clumsily," some one else says. But soon the tired feet go up me and home.

Day in and day out, I'm walked up and down! I'm awakened in the morning by a heavy tread, and soon a lighter one, then many feet! But never do I tire of it. Some day I will be torn down, thrown aside to be cast into someone's woodpile. And once again the old stairway resumed her attitude of patient indifferent calm!

Barbara Raddin, KPI

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 2)

tried to get contributions of a more scholarly nature. So far we have been woefully unsuccessful.

The criticism has been made that the paper is not so educational as it might be. (And this was not from the faculty either!) As this paper is edited from one of the leading normal schools in the country, people expect us to show work of different type and caliber from the things that go into high school papers. Get busy and write some really worthwhile contributions for us, and surprise the Board.

We have been viewing with great interest the initial numbers of a new paper from the Fitchburg Normal School. They are doing excellent work with their issues, and are really going to grow into a fine type of publication. One department in particular which always attracts our attention is the column of club notes. To begin with they have most unique organizations. How would you like to have a Bridge Club, a Photography Club, an Art Club, a Chess Club, a Cooking Club, or a Crafts Club?

Now we have plenty of interesting clubs and they do interesting work, but no one would ever know it to look at our publication. Our poor lonesome "Club Notes" column usually has three clubs listed (never the same three) and just a few lines about each of these. We want to show our exchanges that we are alive, and working hard on new ideas. It is up to the club secretaries to write up these activities and pass them to the Social Editor, Annette Crowell.

Due to an error in typing, the essay "On Aesthetic Dancing" which appeared in the Men's Issue was unsigned. The Board has traced the author and found it to be Mr. Clough of D4

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